

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR •



December 1943





Bishop James J. Sweeney of Honolulu here greets a few of the 145,000 Catholics within his diocese. . . . Celebrated Molokai is also under his care

Molokai aids Chinese lepers

MOLOKAI AHINA—"Gray Molokai." Until the coming of its world-famed apostle, the leper colony at Molokai was a living graveyard. *"Damien made the charnel house life's home, matched love with death."* A recent happening shows that the heroic generosity of Father Damien has not departed from the "Isle of Precipices."

A group of its lepers heard of the sufferings of other outcasts, in far-off China. They gathered together fifty dollars from their meager funds. Their gift helped to tide over, until the next harvest, lepers in the Maryknoll Gate of Heaven Colony, South China. The lepers of Molokai wrote:

"We had read in 'The Register' that Father Sweeney's patients were threatened with starvation. We are glad to send this little gift."

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The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul



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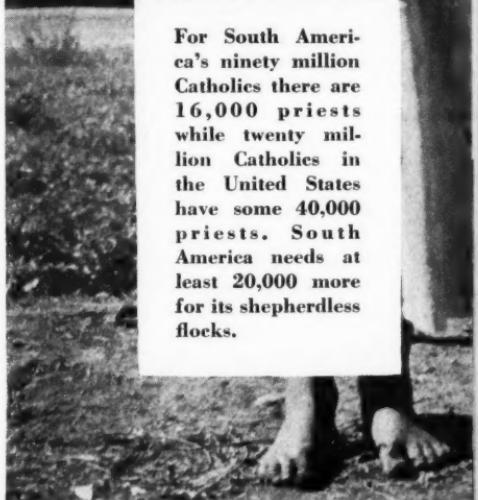
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For South America's ninety million Catholics there are 16,000 priests while twenty million Catholics in the United States have some 40,000 priests. South America needs at least 20,000 more for its shepherdless flocks.

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Message from the outposts

by ROBERT W. GARDNER

FROM Free China, where steel-helmeted priests shuttle between rice lines and bomb shelters; from Japanese concentration camps where missionaries remain prisoners of war; from the islands of the Pacific where parishes and schools are still in operation; from the peaceful cities and jungle lands of Latin America where old churches are being manned by the clergy of North America; from the high seas, the encampments, and the war fronts; and from the various institutions in the United States—Maryknoll, in 1943, sends Christmas greetings to its members throughout the world.

Because of the inaccessibility of villages and towns located in the jungles and mountain lands of South America, those places are economically valueless to the militarists. The militarists and the missionaries, however, have entirely different motives. While the war machine wants only those points of land that are of strategic value, the Church is universal, and every part of the globe in which there is human habitation is grist for the missionaries' mill. Nearly a hun-

dred Maryknoll priests are at present working over a widespread section of Latin America.

Thus the American missions expand in both peaceful and war-infested countries.

Christmas carol in war tempo

To the Christian children of South China, the yuletide feast is only a legend. In their minds the subject of food is a deadly serious one. It is a matter of life and sustenance, rather than one of taste and luxury. It is safe to say that many Chinese children up to seven years old have never

eaten a full, properly balanced, nourishing meal. Wartime rations have become so much a part of their lives that Dickens' description of Tiny Tim's Christmas dinner would be beyond their comprehension.

Within Bishop Paschang's Kong-moon Vicariate, in Free China, is the frequently bombed city of Yeung-kong. Father Maurice Feeney is the pastor of the city parish, as well as director of the large orphanage which forms part of his mission. Each morning, very early, with Father Feeney leading them like the Pied Piper, the



*In Wuchow, bombs have destroyed
Bishop Donaghy's mission*

children leave the orphanage and huddle in hillside caves until the danger of air bombers is past. Then they return to their classrooms and duties, with no further thought of the bombers. It has become a routine. The story of the Prince of Peace is told against a background of violent contrast—the crash of explosives and the cries of wounded people.

With the war raging directly to the south, Bishop Ford is, comparatively speaking, safe in the mountainous Kaying region. Within his vicariate there is little of strategic value. The invaders, consequently, have directed their spearheads towards more important locations. However, Bishop Ford is not free from the effects of war: famine and inflation are a constant threat to the residents of Kaying.

Wuchow's Bishop Donaghy

Since the opening of the war, the cross on the mission of Wuchow has been a beacon to starving Chinese refugees. Bishop Donaghy, Superior

of Wuchow, has been feeding upwards of a thousand people every day. His mission is now a scattered mass of rubble; enemy bombers found it a good target. Father Russell Sprinkle, stationed at the mission, was seriously wounded by bomb fragments. Wuchow is about two hundred miles northwest of Hong Kong, and directly on the main artery of travel which leads into Free China.

When Hong Kong was invaded, the enemy gave orders that the Chinese were to leave the colony. It was simply an order and no threat of violence accompanied it. Consequently, many Chinese residents were inclined to disregard it. Within a few days, however, they began to realize their mistake. The food supply was cut off, and by neither plea nor purchase could they obtain anything to eat. They were reduced to pilfering and foraging, while a long procession of refugees started towards the hinterlands of Free China.

Each morning at nine o'clock, and again at four in the evening, the rice

A marriage in Kaying. The mission knows famine but as yet no invaders



line formed at the Wuchow mission. Even though the mission is now bombed into uselessness, its rice lines will continue. Its walls and roofs are secondary to the lives of the people it serves.

The Wuchow missionaries will undoubtedly spend their Christmas as they spend every other day, because the same long lines of pitiful refugees with hollow cheeks and pathetic eyes will stand in the dusty road, waiting for their yuletide banquet—a meager handful of rice.

Monsignor Romaniello of the bomb dodgers

Kweilin is one of the most important cities of China, and the pastor of its mission is a veteran bomb dodger. Because of the importance of Kweilin as an airplane center, and the proximity of a large American airfield, it is bombed frequently and violently.

On one occasion the mission was completely demolished by bombs, but during its immediate reconstruction the priests of Kweilin carried on business as usual from a hired sampan on the river's edge. Latest reports from the mission revealed the instruction and baptism of five hundred converts, in a period of six months. The Kweilin missionaries are busy men.

The war in the Orient is entering its seventh year. It is safe to say that, if the goose hangs high in any country, on Christmas of 1943, it will not be in South China. The Catholic missionaries' determined progress in the Far East has made the world proud of them. With the exception of prisoners of war, all missionaries—whether in parishes, refugee camps, orphanages, or leper asylums—have dug into the soil and have remained with their people.

Bishop Ford visits Kweilin Maryknollers, through whose much-bombed central city millions of refugees have passed to South China



Reclaiming "Mision Cavinás"

by AMBROSE C. GRAHAM

FAATHER FRITZ and I are able to report progress in the reclaiming of our 76,000-acre stretch of pampas and jungles, half-way up the Beni River in Bolivia. *Mision Cavinás* belongs to the Government, and it is inhabited by some fifty Indian families.

On coming here, we found our central village overgrown with vegetation, and the thatch-roofed homes in ruins. The local industries had also gone to decay. So we are trying to recall methods used in the Jesuit Reductions of South America, and endeavoring to adapt them to present circumstances.

Trees but no boards

"We have no boards, Padre, for building houses," the Indians told me.

"No boards!" I almost shouted. "It would take a lifetime just to count the trees in these Beni jungles."

The men looked at each other, and finally an old fellow volunteered, "There are no saws to cut the wood, so how can we get boards?"

What the oldster said turned out to be true. There is only one little mechanical saw operating on the whole Beni River, and that is at Riberalta. It does not turn out enough boards to supply even that town.

We got some big hand saws out to *Mision Cavinás*, hunted through the jungle for cedars, and are now being provided with large planks. It takes plenty of time to cut down a tree, haul it to the river, float it to the mission,

haul it out of the river, and cut it up by hand. But we get the boards, and that's what counts.

When we need leather, we just save the hide of the first ox we kill, and cure our own leather.

There are a number of rubber "centrals" scattered through the mission territory, where many of our people work. So we are traveling Padres, ranging constantly over the pampas and through the dense jungles.

Family after family welcomes the Padres. We say Mass in each house, instruct the children, and care for the sick. Then we pass on to the next dwelling, often a day's journey distant.

"Have you packed the salt, soap, medicines, and Mass kits?" I ask Father Fritz.

"It's all shipshape," he answers. "I see you've taken care of the ammunition and the charqui yourself."

We need powder and caps for the old guns used in these parts. The charqui is dried beef, very strong-smelling and uninviting to look at. But we have learned to like it. When it can be obtained, it is the staple food here. The supplies we take along on these journeys are for our people as well as ourselves, which means there is quite a bit of packing to be done.

The heat of the day affects the horses unfavorably, so we start out around three in the morning. Lumbering ox carts creak in our wake, laden with the miscellaneous boxes, cans, and packages. Sometimes the



In Bolivia the three R's are taught with little equipment. The school problem is among the first confronting Maryknollers

supplies are unloaded at a rubber "central," and we send the horses back with the ox drivers. From the "central" we continue along the jungle paths on foot, visiting our

people and saying Mass for them.

In one "central" recently, I found the men were staying away from work, because of their fear of a huge boa constrictor.

"The snake is more than thirty feet long!" they said. "He is old and clever, so he is waiting all curled up in a bog. As soon as he sees any of us coming, he will hide in a tree and surprise us."

"I know something that will give that boa constrictor a headache," I promised, and I showed them a big shell. "Who will come with me to shoot the snake?"

Only one man summoned up sufficient courage to act as guide to the giant's lair—a remote spot in a jungle bog. But the boa constrictor was gone! Everyone said he was afraid of the Padre and had run away.

The reptile lost so much face because of this supposed cowardice that his spell over the rubber workers was broken. They all returned to their posts.

A Beni witch doctor

When we came back from this journey, I learned that one of our Indians had pricked himself on a poison thorn and was at the point of death.

This lad's brother is a witch doctor. The magic-cures medico had

"taken care" of the young man until it seemed certain that he would die; then he had abandoned the sufferer. When I was taken to the hut where the dying boy lay, his hand and arm were so swollen that they looked like a disfigured tree.

After a week of soaking the arm in almost scalding water and epsom salts, and of gradually cutting away the dead flesh with my surgical knife, I finally got the poor fellow around. The witch doctor thereupon lost even more face than had the cowardly boa constrictor.

"You feel a lot better, don't you, José?" I said to our patient this morning, as he was sitting out under the trees.

The young Indian shuddered. "It was terrible at first," he confided. "It was not so much the awful pain that frightened me, as the strange singing and all the queer things my brother was doing. I thought I was going out into the darkness, where I should always be afraid."

José paused—then smiled up at me. "It was all right as soon as the Padres came back," he stated simply. "I would not even be afraid to die, when the Padres are with me."



Your Prayers, Please!

WE have received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick, 5,336

Persons deceased, 340

Persons in the services, 4,121

Other special intentions, 11,014

The Catholic spirit of Latin America is the great religious miracle of modern times.

Traveling Bishop

by ARTHUR E. BROWN

BISHOP LARRAIN is a traveling man and looks the part. He is slight of build, with quick, expressive hands, and his episcopal robes do not hide the vigor that radiates from his wiry body. The greater part of his year is spent on the highways and the narrow, twisting mountain roads of his Chilean diocese, as he rides the circuit of his parishes and remote mission stations.

During his recent visit to New York, the Bishop made Maryknoll his headquarters. Here, as he said, he was on "home ground." In Talca, the Bishop's episcopal see, there are six Maryknollers already in residence; and more will follow, God willing, in the near future.

Talca is a progressive, modern city of approximately sixty thousand people, located in the central part of Chile. Since it is almost three thousand miles south of the equator, its climate is the antithesis of that in the United States. While we are having midsummer weather, citizens of Talca are in the dead of a chilly and usually very wet winter; and while we are freezing in our own severe climate, they are basking under summer skies.

Chile is long and narrow, like a collar that fits between the Pacific Ocean and Argentina. From the shoreline it slopes upwards towards foothills, which ascend in giant

steps to the majesty of the Andes.

In centuries past, Jesuits and Franciscans from Spain pushed into the hills and forests to find the dwellers of South America. They planted the Cross in its soil and made the country a tribute to their zeal. God's laws and the story of the Christ Child became a part of South American life, and are now the continent's most precious heritage.

A priceless heritage

Deep gorges are named after Saint Christopher. Towns have received titles reminiscent of Our Lord's earthly life. Long, perilous cable bridges are placed under the protection of robust saints, like John and Martin. As the travelers cross, they breathe a prayer that the strands may not break, and that the holy guardian may hold back the wind which sometimes roars mightily through the chasms.

At the road turnings, little, half-hidden grottoes peek from the foliage. The Blessed Mother or Saint Rose, lovingly sheltered by hand-hewn stones, welcomes the devout wayfarers.

The hills have been blessed and softened by the echoes of children's voices floating through the morning air in psalmody; and little churches, mellowed with candlelight and incense, adorn the patiently culti-



Bishop Larraín, of Talca, Chile, has six Maryknoll priests in his diocese

vated fields like modest jewelry.

But the affairs of men and the

building of nations are not simple things, and there was a time in South American history when the Padres were banished. The work of their patient, zealous lives came to an end, when the soldiers drove them away. The churches became silent, and some of them crumbled back to the soil; but the songs and prayers remained alive in the hearts of South American people. The soul of Catholicism remained intact.

In his corner of South America, Bishop Larraín rides through villages and countryside, replanning and rebuilding the great structure that once flourished. He is almost alone in his task. When he came to the United States, he made a plea for more priests to breathe Life into empty tabernacles and give voice to the silent pulpits of his churches.

The Bishop's need for priests is urgent, and his ardor is infectious. His visit to Maryknoll will long be remembered. His words were an invitation, like the words of Our Lord to Peter; and the seminarians look forward to the time when they will add their mite of fuel to the fire of faith smoldering in the hearts of our neighbors.

A great missioner and Churchman

The late Cardinal Hinsley was Apostolic Delegate in East Africa, before he became Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. His extraordinary zeal for souls was the same in mission lands as in London. In England last summer Father Gannon, S. J., President of Fordham University, wrote:

"Catholics and Protestants in England never got along as well as they do right now. A great deal of that, of course, was due to Cardinal Hinsley. The Prime Minister was devoted to Cardinal Hinsley. . . . The friendship of the Prime Minister with the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was symbolic of the present times. Coöperation everywhere is excellent."

—*Catholic Times, London*

Warrior Maid of China

by THOMAS J. MALONE

I HAD HEARD the name "Mu-Lan" on many occasions, and I had always promised myself that at the first opportunity I would find out why it was so popular in China. The words mean "Magnolia Blossom," but that was as far as I had gotten with it.

Then one day, shortly before the bombing of Pearl Harbor, I was with a group of Chinese patriots in Hong Kong. The colony was full of refugees and wounded soldiers, and the situation was already acute. That is why the group of us had met in Hong Kong, to do something about the refugees. One of our party was Hu Mu-Lan, the daughter of Hu Han-Min, a close associate of Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Hu Han-Min had died a few years before, but he was remembered in the Orient as one of the leaders in the Chinese Revolution. The daugh-

ter's name, in conjunction with the importance of her family, stimulated my curiosity.

When the meeting was over I said: "Miss Hu, I am curious to know why you chose the name, Mu-Lan. Would you mind telling me?"

"The name was given to me by my parents, Father. You see, my father hoped that he would have a son to carry on his work. The poor dear was disappointed. He had to put up with me, and so he gave me Mu-Lan's name, in the hope that I might measure up to her."

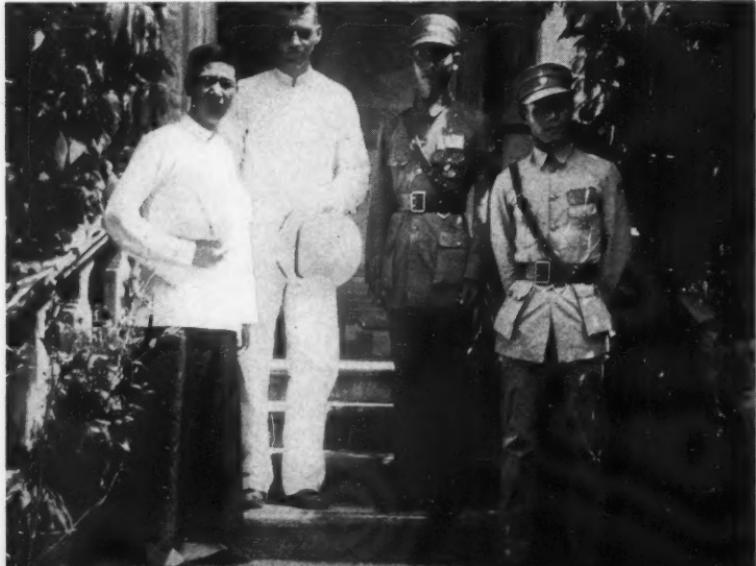
Even unto death

"But I don't know the story of Mu-Lan. That is why I asked about your name."

"To China," she said, "Mu-Lan is what Joan of Arc is to Europe and America." Then she told me the story.

"Mu-Lan lived in the tenth cen-

The author and loyal Chinese of this war



tury, in the period of turmoil after the fall of the T'ang Dynasty. She was the only child of Chu T'ien Lou, a brave and loyal feudal lord. Chu T'ien was advanced in years and invalided by illness, so that, when his kingdom went to war, he was unable to lead his vassals. Mu-Lan begged her father to let her take the place of a son and lead his troops to war.

"Chu T'ien gave her his blessing. Mu-Lan posed as a long-lost son of her aged father. At the age of fourteen, attired in specially made armor, she went forth at the head of her father's soldiers, to join other contingents marching against the enemy.

"Arriving at the south bank of the Yellow River, the army encamped for the night. Mu-Lan sat sleepless in her tent. The mournful sound of the wind, the frightening rush of the turbulent waters, the call of a wild goose as it winged its way north, turned her thoughts homeward. She thought of her old, sick father and her lonely mother, and her heart was filled with sorrow. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

"When dawn came, her courage returned. She crossed the broad river into the battle, and for twelve years led her troops to victory after victory. Twelve times she received decorations for bravery beyond the call of duty. Never was her identity known. The war over, she returned to her home and was overjoyed to find her parents still living.

"Soon it became known that the shrewd general was none other than

a woman, and a beautiful young one, at that. Many knights sought her hand, but she chose to live as a virgin, tending to her aging parents' needs. After their death, she kept to the privacy of her home, striving to progress in virtue and kindness.

"But she was not to be left in peace. A jealous soothsayer at the Imperial Court predicted that she would be the instigator of rebellion. She was summoned to appear before the throne, ostensibly to take an official position, but actually to be under surveillance.

"She knew that her virtue would be the price of her obedience to the court. She wrote out her defense and handed it to the messenger. Then she plunged a dagger into her breast, and drew forth her heart, that was pure and clean of all deceit.

"The messenger carried Mu-Lan's heart to the Emperor, who was overcome with emotion at such great evidence of loyalty. He had a magnificent tomb constructed, and over it was written: 'Loyalty, filial piety, courage, and love of virtue even unto death.' "

* * *

Miss Hu told the story simply and clearly. I thought of how often I had seen her working through the night with wounded soldiers, hysterical mothers, and hungry children. There was strength in her frailness, and I tried to picture her at the head of her father's army.

"You carry your name well, Mu-Lan," I said.

"He whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by."

—Edna St. Vincent Millay



Examining a schoolbook, Bishop James E. Walsh, Superior General of Maryknoll, has an interested following of Bolivian children

A day in Bolivia

by JOHN J. LAWLER

TODAY I baptized a newborn babe, assisted a young couple in the flower of life, and knelt beside an old man as he breathed his last.

At ten minutes of seven, the mission bell announced that Mass was soon to start. After Mass a group of Indians were waiting for me at the door of the church. I had promised to go with them to bless the new house of a recently married couple.

A procession formed at the church. When we arrived at the adobe dwelling, everyone halted while the owner came forth to light the firecrackers placed on the doorstep. I read the prayers and gave the blessing. As I took off the stole, the guests all ran over to a small table loaded with confetti. This was the opening signal for much noise and rejoicing.

Our Indian people have so few diversions in their daily lives that they

welcome any and all festivities. As for me, I made a mental resolution that from then on all house blessings would take place in the afternoon.

The doorbell rang shortly after I had returned home. Old Don Manuel was much worse, and the family wished me to come right away. I walked hurriedly along the dusty road with Don Manuel's grandson. He informed me that the old man didn't have a chance.

Last visit to Don Manuel

I had been to see him the afternoon before. As I again entered the dark, dingy room, everything looked just the same. The oldest daughter was sitting on the floor, holding the sick man's head in her lap. She had been in that position all night.

I knelt down beside him on the floor (they had no bed), and took

hold of his hand to feel his wrist. His pulse was gone, but he knew *Tata* (Quechua for "Father") had come, and he tried to turn his head in my direction.

As I was leaving Don Manuel's poor home, I was met by an Indian woman, who asked that I baptize her baby right away. It was breathing only with great difficulty and she feared that the little one would die. I brought it to the chapel, where the saving waters were poured.

In mid-afternoon I returned to the home of Don Manuel. The old man had died, and the law demanded that he be buried the same day. As I started the singing of the Office, a weird, piercing wail began, and it continued until the burial was finished.

The procession to the cemetery took almost an hour; we had to walk to Queru-Queru. Along the way the Indian men and women alike took off their hats and bent their heads, while the members of the family cried out over and over again, "Papa, don't go!"

There was more than mere convention in that sorrowing cry, for among our Bolivian Indians family ties are strong.

"We're glad you came"

Dusk had set in as we were leaving the cemetery grounds. Don Manuel had gone from his loved ones, and the wailing had ceased. I felt strengthened for the long walk home by the genuine thankfulness of the women, and the strong embrace which each of the men gave me.

One of the men said: "Tata, we're glad that you came. Not just here to the cemetery to take care of Manuel, but to Bolivia, to take care of us."

Letters

"Protection from severe storms, and a rich harvest, make me doubly grateful to God this year. So here's a little help for your missions, in thanksgiving."

—*A farmer, Garner, Iowa*



"Enclosed is a mite from a chaplain who, before he entered the service, was a fairly regular, though modest, supporter of Maryknoll. Now that I'm in, I don't want to lose the assistance of your prayers or the joy of reaching out to give a bit of help to others in the mission fields. This is a mission field, too; and I hope I can bring some of the fire of the Maryknoll spirit to my work."

—*Chaplain R.E.N., USNR*



"It's always more fun to write just after receiving a current *FIELD AFAR*, for then we feel much closer to you and all you're doing. You know, I've always felt I'd like to spread the magazine around, and see if something would come of it. Well, before my ideas got moving, the home folks caught up with me. Tonight, as I picked the magazine up, my grandfather asked if I ever wrote to you and, if so, would I enclose a donation from him!"

—*M. M., Washington, D. C.*

Friends in the Service

A FEW years ago John F. Kennedy, son of our former Ambassador to Great Britain, wrote a book entitled *Why England Slept*. He turned over a portion of the proceeds of his book to Maryknoll. Little did he think, at that time, that he himself would one day be journeying out to the mission lands, as an officer in the Navy.

Lieutenant Kennedy, as skipper of a PT boat, has gone through a trial of his mettle in the South Seas which has proved him a hero.

Lieutenant Kennedy was commanding his PT boat on night patrol, north of New Georgia, when a Japanese destroyer sliced the American craft in two. Bulkheads kept the bow of the PT boat afloat, but four of the crew had been thrown into the ocean. Two of the missing crewmen could not be located, but Lieutenant Kennedy risked his life twice to rescue the other sailors from water covered with flaming gasoline.

Just before dawn, the young skipper decided to abandon the bow of the ship. He and his men swam to-

wards a small island. Kennedy towed a crewman who had been badly burned. The others clung to a plank and swam in a group. It took about three hours to make the island.

Friendly natives found the survivors, on the afternoon of the fourth

day. The natives carried to the PT boat base a message Lieutenant Kennedy had scratched on a green coconut husk.

John Kennedy must have recalled the old adage about casting bread on the waters and seeing it return. The friendly natives had been civilized and Christianized by Catholic missionaries.

In Hyannis, Massachusetts, informed of his son's rescue, his father, Joseph, "Phew!"



Lieutenant Kennedy's experience as a backstroke man on his college swimming team served him well

From a paratrooper and his wife

"I think your idea of running the articles on your friends in the Service is fine. Maybe it will help to awaken a few civilians who don't have time to think about the missions!"

—L. and J. M.

LIEUTENANT Henry B. Coakley, of Cleveland, Ohio, a graduate of Georgetown University, had been actively interested in the work of Maryknoll since his high-school days.

During his two years of service in the Army, he served Mass daily at the various airports where he was stationed. He provided Mass kits for two camps; and because of his persistence, chaplains were assigned to several posts.

Lieutenant Coakley woke up one morning recently with a feeling of joy. He was going home that day on a furlough. It was the First Friday of the month. He served Mass as usual, and received Holy Communion.

Later in the morning he was asked to try out a pursuit plane. It crashed. His missal was found in his brief case, amid the ruins of the plane. As



Lieutenant Coakley had served Mass and received Holy Communion on the day his plane crashed

someone wrote of him: "His earthly wings failed him, but God gave him wings for heaven instead."

Missioners in North Africa

HE'S with the armed forces in Algeria. Robert Lee tells us he is much impressed by the splendid work of French missioners in North Africa. Here's part of his letter:

"I have just returned from the 8:30 Mass, which was said by one of the French missioners. The sermon, of course, was in French; but I could follow it pretty well by watching the facial expressions and the gestures of the missioner. He is a very forceful talker, and I wish he could give a sermon in English. These missioners are certainly doing a grand job."



Robert Lee is enthusiastic about the work of French missioners in Algeria

Around two Christmas Cribs

by MALIA CHAN

FAATHER MICHAEL discarded the last item of his predecessor's Crib set. With a disdainful gesture, he flung a dingy ass to join the sad little jumble of gaudy-winged angels, cheap images, dusty straw and tinsel, which had been Father John's pride and consolation.

Then he stepped back for a better view of his own recently purchased figures—chaste, streamlined, modernistic to an eminently satisfying degree. No ox or ass to distract attention, no smelly straw or clumsy stable; only the central figures, with lacy bamboo serving as a verdant background.

He could not help reflecting that the two Crib sets were symbolical. Father John had been twenty years a missioner in this South China town, without ever erecting a decent church or residence. His handful of converts were among the miserably poor.

As for himself, his few months here had been marked by vigorous appeals to benefactors in the United States. He had been rewarded by a princely donation, with which he had erected a model mission compound. True, the converts had not as yet materialized.

At this stage in Father Michael's meditations, he became aware of a discreet sound between a sigh and a cough. Turning quickly, he beheld with amazed delight old Mr. Lim, wealthiest leader in town and for two decades the chief obstacle to the progress of the local Catholic mission.

Father Michael was far from be-

ing at his ease with this urbanely distant old gentleman; indeed, he appeared to himself all hands and feet during the lengthy ceremonies of introduction. These seeming at last to be over, he ventured to inquire if Mr. Lim liked the new church and Crib.

The old Chinese let his calm glance travel over the spick-and-span church until it came finally to rest on the modern Crib set.

"The new Spiritual Father must have far greater wealth than the old priest," he said gently. In some subtle way, the courteous remark was not a compliment.

"Oh, it's merely a question of being an efficient beggar," laughed Father Michael.

As a courtly inclination of the head was the old merchant's only reply, the missioner proceeded to draw his attention more specifically to the Crib. "How does this modern layout appeal to you?" he queried. "It does away with a lot of the old-fashioned fuss and clutter."

Mr. Lim's answer took Father Michael by surprise. "No doubt these figures represent good plastic art," he said, "but they have no spiritual meaning. Now, with the old priest's Crib, it was different."

Mr. Lim's story

"Permit me to explain," he continued, as he saw the young man's crestfallen appearance. "This time two years ago, the old Father was setting up his Crib, with the help of his Christians. On my way home, as I

was passing the church, some rascally bandits attacked me. The priest heard my outcries and was the first to rush to my assistance.

"You would not believe how quick and brave he was for a man no longer young. The bandits took to their heels. My clothes were torn, and I was bleeding from several wounds about the head and face. The old *Shen-Fu* took me into his house and dressed my wounds, talking to me as kindly as if I had been his brother.

"I noticed that there was scarcely any furniture in his room, and he was obliged to borrow a charcoal stove from a neighbor to kindle some heat for me.

"After a while I recovered from my fright and shock. The priest had already sent for several of my servants, and a chair was waiting; but I was in no hurry to go home. I felt that somehow I must thank this man I had so often opposed, only I did not know

how. At last I asked him what he had been doing in the church when the bandits had attacked me. On hearing his answer, I insisted that I and my servants should help him finish his work.

"He made me sit down, while he and the servants completed the Crib. All the time he was explaining to me the



Christmas story. Then the old priest took me by the hand and led me before the little image of the Saviour.

"He has been waiting for you all these years, Mr. Lim," he said.

"After I reached home, I was ill for several weeks. As soon as I was able, I came to the mission, to tell my friend that I wanted to belong to his Church. But he was gone," the old man concluded sadly. "He had been carried, very sick, to a port hospital. I never saw him again."

Once more the keen eyes of the old Chinese traveled over the church. This time he saw Father John's despised Crib set. He went over, knelt down by the little rubbish heap, and lifted in his finely molded patriarchal hand the crude image of the Divine Infant. His impassive face came touchingly alive, while tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. For Mr. Lim, Father Michael had ceased to exist; the old merchant was reunited with his friend.

A sermon is changed

The new pastor crept from the church; the interview with the merchant had made him strangely uncomfortable. He sought cheer in the reading of some of his Christmas letters. The first one on the pile proved to be from the benefactor who had made possible the present mission compound.

"I heard your predecessor speak in a New York church some years ago," this gentleman wrote. "He made a tremendous impression on me, and I resolved at that time to outfit his mission as soon as I should be able to do so."

So Father Michael's own appeal letter had had nothing to do with it!

The young priest was crushed. For hours he sat passing through the unfamiliar crucible of humility. It was a less briskly efficient, but somehow a more Christmasy, Father Michael who returned to the church as dusk was falling.

He sent for his catechist. The sermon at Midnight Mass would have to be altered. Next he dispatched a messenger to old Mr. Lim. Shortly thereafter there was joyous hustle and bustle in the new church. Word quickly traveled by "bamboo wireless" that Mr. Lim, with a great retinue of servants, had arrived at the Catholic mission. The few faithful, and a much larger number of outsiders, were drawn by curiosity to the spot.

Under Mr. Lim's direction, Father John's Crib rose in all its tawdry splendor, no trace remaining of the streamlined usurper. Green garlands festooned the walls; lanterns of many hues appeared; and artificial flowers invaded even the altar.

All the people piled into the church for Midnight Mass, and it was to a tightly packed crowd that the catechist spoke in Father Michael's name:

"The new *Shen-Fu* wishes me to tell you that everything you see here is due to the old Spiritual Father. It is because of the old priest's goodness that Mr. Lim is going to be baptized. The kind benefactor who erected this new church and the other fine mission buildings was moved to do so when he heard the old priest make an appeal. That is Father John's Crib yonder.

"Lastly, the new *Shen-Fu* asks you all to pray that he may become more like the old Spiritual Father."

MEN OF MARYKNOLL



Cold moonlight—It was a cold night. A troop of Cantonese clowns came into town with a play, to raise funds in order to buy an airplane. We went and saw their act, but their language was difficult to understand. Many of the best jokes eluded us altogether. With Oriental patience the crowd about us smiled and applauded politely, but they were probably in the same fix.

It got colder, and the songs became monotonous, so we bought a stick of sugar cane and started home to bed. On the way the air-raid alarm sounded. Planes came twice and bombed the town on both sides. I sat in a ditch and tried to read my Breviary by the light of the moon.

—*Father William M. O'Brien,
of Chicago,
now in Chungsun, China*

•

The Good Earth—The price of rice is down a bit. The reason is that the Government has ordered every farmer to plant wheat this winter. Southern Chinese do not eat wheat as their northern brothers do, but they will learn to like it.

The marvel to me is, not that the farmers can continue to work so hard, but that the good earth can continue to provide so abundantly. Two crops of rice are not enough for it—or the off-season crops of beans, peanuts, and sweet potatoes. Now in the winter, it must produce wheat. Good earth, indeed!

—*Father John J. Elwood,
of Brooklyn,
now in Kaying, China*

Peruvian customs—Here in Ayaviri when a young man celebrates his birthday, he is given a bottle of Peruvian whiskey. He takes one drink and pours the remainder on the ground. The idea is that the ground will get drunk, and so will forget all about him. Consequently, he will not die during the coming year.

In Arequipa the custom differs. There the young man is given a glass of *chicha*, in which are placed small fruits somewhat like cherries. He must drain the whole glass in one draught, and at the same time receive a certain amount of the fruit in his mouth. It is a difficult job that takes much practice; but if the youth succeeds, it is a sign that he will not die during the coming year.

—*Father Donald C. Cleary,
of Newark, N. J.,
now in Puno, Peru*

•

Weather forecast—As we admired the beauty of the Andes last night, so clear and white in the sunset, Don Angel, our trusty Man Friday, warned us to get ready for a very cold night. He informed us, for future reference, that whenever all the mountains are covered with snow, the valley will get unusually cold.

He was certainly right, for when we arose this morning, reluctant to leave our warm beds, even the washing water in our pitchers was frozen.

—*Father George C. Powers,
of West Lynn, Mass.,
now in Talca, Chile*



"Between Sancian Island and the mainland, the missionaries' boat has always made periodic trips"

The blockade runner

by WILKIE GORDON

THE waters off the coast of South China have never been highly recommended for a moonlight sail. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful shore line, or more placid waters when the weather is good; but within that area of sea, there is a hidden mischief—swift, ruthless, and deadly. It seems that all the predatory instincts of Chinese pirates hover around those traffic lanes.

Between Sancian Island and the mainland, the missionaries' boat has always made periodic trips. It is the best method of shopping. The missionaries, after a few years' residence near the China Sea, become expert sailors. Constant proximity to danger sharpens their senses to the extent that they can "smell out" a pirate within a radius of twenty miles. Consequently, when the war

broke out in China six years ago, the missionaries of those regions did not spend much time worrying. They had been dodging pirates for so long that a few Japanese gunboats were not enough to make landlubbers out of them.

A worried visitor

Father Joseph Lavin lives in Hoingan, a little town near the seacoast, some sixty or seventy miles northeast of the Hong Kong Harbor. Hard-fisted bandits from the hills and lusty pirates from the waves find the climate of Hoingan good; and since both professions are reasonably lucrative, the city's merchants do not want for custom.

One day, shortly after the war broke out, Father Lavin was standing at the front gate of his mission,

watching the business of the open-air market which began almost at his fence. Suddenly he saw a tall, straw-hatted head weaving hurriedly through the crowds in his direction. It was Father John Joyce, from Sancian Island, and even from a distance Father Lavin could see that he was going to have a very worried visitor. The two met and shook hands.

"Hello, Father John. How are you?"

"I'm hungry. How's yourself? Have you got much food?"

"Come on in, and I'll whip you up a platter of eggs."

"I don't mean food for myself, Father Joe."

Father Joyce said that the people on his island were desperate for food. The Japanese soldiers had burned the fishing boats, which had been their only means of sustenance. The waters of the China Sea had been closed to all Chinese craft, and that left the residents of Sancian Island completely helpless.

When Father Lavin heard the story, he offered his entire stock of supplies. The two priests transferred them to the mission boat, which was moored at the river bank close by. The missionaries waited for darkness, and then both of them headed for Sancian. The wind was favorable. There was no danger of pirates, because

the gunboats had warned them off. But gunboats were a worse menace.

The trip was uneventful, but landing the food was a difficult problem because the island was overrun with Japanese soldiers. However, a group of Chinese were waiting for the priests at a small cove. The islanders shouldered the boxes and baskets and silently carried them away to an appointed cache.

Braver than a pirate

This was the first of many trips. Perhaps it never occurred to him, but each time the boat sailed for Sancian, Father Lavin preached a great sermon, a silent sermon of action.

"He is brave!" the villagers would say. "He is braver than a pirate. But he has a heart," they would add. "A heart as soft as a flower."

Father Lavin is still at his parish in Hoingan, because Hoingan is in Free China. There are bombings, of course, but he is used to that by now. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, the trip to Sancian became an invitation to death. As far as we know, here in America, Father Lavin gave up the sea and remained on land, in Hoingan.

But it is hard to tell about the trips to Sancian. Father Joe does strange things when he gets to thinking about people who are hungry.



Father Joseph Lavin, from Framingham, Massachusetts, is at his post in South China

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



His family

THE VISITOR from the skies, Whom we find in a manger, came to unite people by heavenly gifts and constructive ideals—not to divide them by earth-shaking bombs and explosive ideas. Today men seek caves in which to shelter themselves as global war rends the human family; they neglected, these long ages, to seek another cave, which was divinely appointed to shelter the whole of humankind. It is the Cave of Bethlehem, where a Virgin Mother brings forth her First-born Son, as Christ is given to the world.

May the light of Bethlehem so penetrate the gloom of our dark night that men everywhere may see in it the long-sought guiding star which will reunite the family. This is our sole hope of effectuating that brotherhood of men that spells the unity of mankind.

By their fruits

AN optimistic factor in the present outlook is the rising tide of understanding and gratitude that has come into being through the ministrations of the Church to humanity, during the hardest period of trial in all its history. The whole Church organization could be cited as an example of this service to men, but three chief manifestations of it may be singled out as particularly striking.

The first is the solicitude of the Holy Father, expressed during the torment in the most all-embracing spirit of Catholic charity, towards the people of every race and nation. The second is the attitude of the missionaries, who have remained with their people as the only friends to whom the sufferers could turn. The third is the contribution of the Catholic chaplains. They have gone out with their men and stood by them with every sort of help in every sort of need.

Many will continue to think that the Catholic Church is a collection of self-interested schemers who work for the aggrandizement of their own organization; but the great masses of common people throughout the world, whether Christian or non-Christian, are coming to a better understanding. They have seen the devotion of the ministers of the Church on many fronts and in many manifestations, and they have also seen the conspicuous absence of devotion on the part of many of their fair-weather friends. The lesson has not been lost.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

Christmas Message

THE peace of Christ in the reign of Christ is the plan of God for all mankind; and it is the Christmas wish of Maryknoll for you and yours, as we hail the Birthday of the Lord.

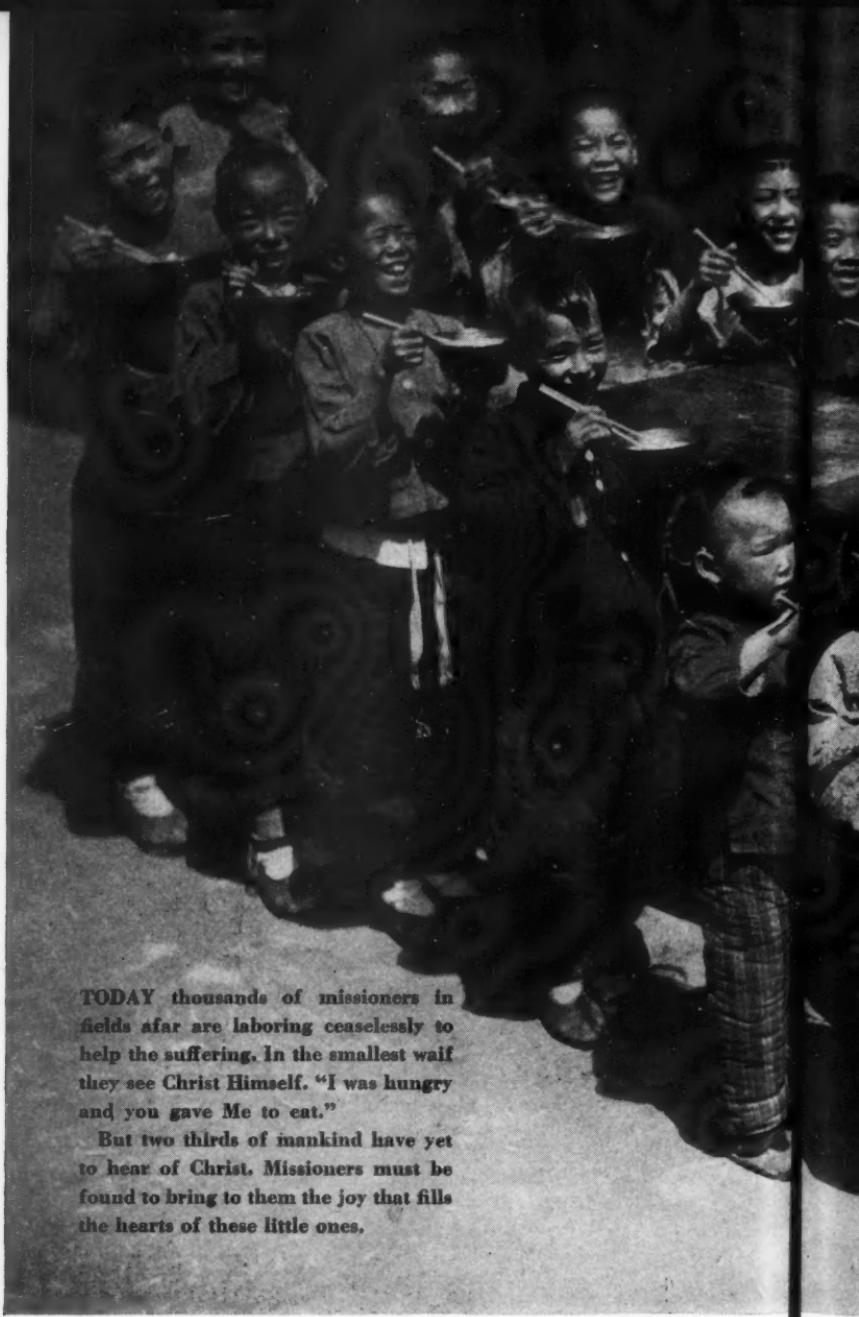
The skies open and again the angels' song steals through the bombs that fall on stricken people and warring men. It whispers of the world of brothers that came so close—that was within our grasp—“*when the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour appeared.*” (*Titus III:4.*)

It is our deepest conviction that all men are brothers, and that the supreme tragedy of the age is our failure to live as brothers in a world that we were intended to share as equal members of a united family.

Upon a war-torn world that seeks its principle of unity—and that needs it as never before—we invoke the blessing of Bethlehem, which promises peace on earth to men of good will.

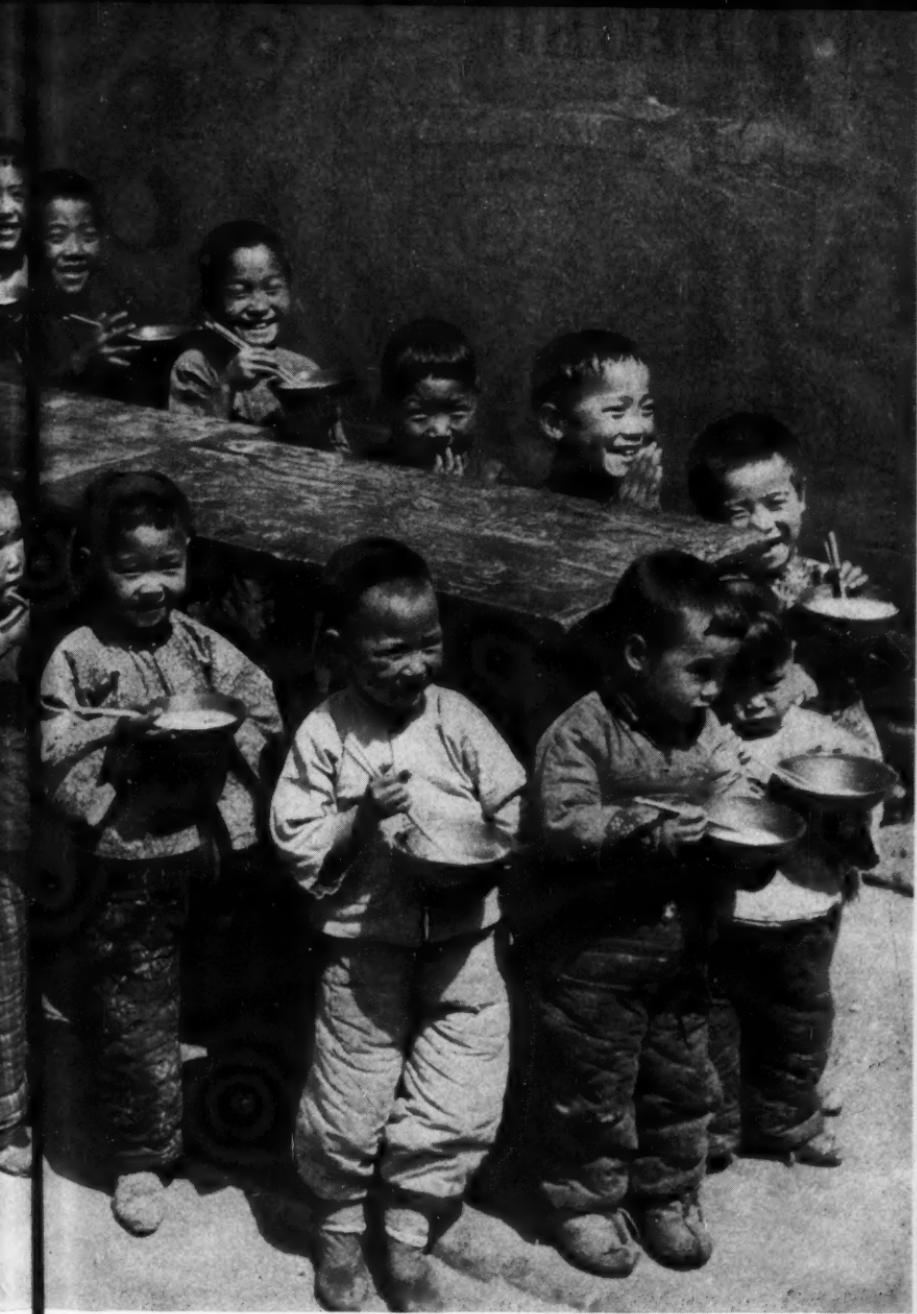
A little more of the torment, and those of us who are left will begin to put the pieces of our shattered world together again. Let us rebuild it in the spirit of Christ, for all our brothers everywhere over the shrunken globe. “*For all the law is fulfilled in one word: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*” (*Galatians V:14.*)

⊕ James E. Walsh



TODAY thousands of missionaries in fields afar are laboring ceaselessly to help the suffering. In the smallest waif they see Christ Himself. "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat."

But two thirds of mankind have yet to hear of Christ. Missioners must be found to bring to them the joy that fills the hearts of these little ones.







As the scissors fly, so does the conversation, in true barber-shop style

What goes to make a missioner

AT first sight, the connection between the more-or-less static scene above and the dynamic moment pictured on the opposite page may not seem obvious. No—that does not mean the hazards lurking in both situations! The point is that these, and countless other such incidents, are part of a missioner's training.

The lad on the opposite page may be sent to the tropics, rather than to snowy climes; but the health he is storing up will stand him in good stead in any corner of the earth. Learning how to take a fall in good part will not come amiss either, amid

the ups and downs of his future mission field.

The Maryknoll seminarians' barber shop has rather ancient equipment and its lone mirror is askew, but its student barbers work with an earnest good will. Practice in serving the other fellow is a necessity for an aspirant missioner.

The joy of simple living, initiative that thrives on taking obstacles in its stride, and a spirit of good comradeship that makes brothers of Maryknollers the world over—these have always been part of the atmosphere breathed by future apostles on Sunset Hill.



Father Joseph Sweeney is priest, doctor, provider, and friend, for inmates of the Maryknoll South China leper colony

Rice for my lepers

by JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

SHORTAGE of funds is a chronic mission complaint; but recently, even money could not purchase rice for the Maryknoll South China leper colony. We lacked about a month's supply to tide us over to the coming harvest.

We are on the very rim of Free China. Arid hills surround the colony, and it is at a river mouth blockaded by the Japanese for nearly six years. Even in ordinary times, the district can never produce enough rice for its own needs, so the precious commodity is costly. Additional provisions for the lepers have to be carried on men's backs from a market town about twenty miles away.

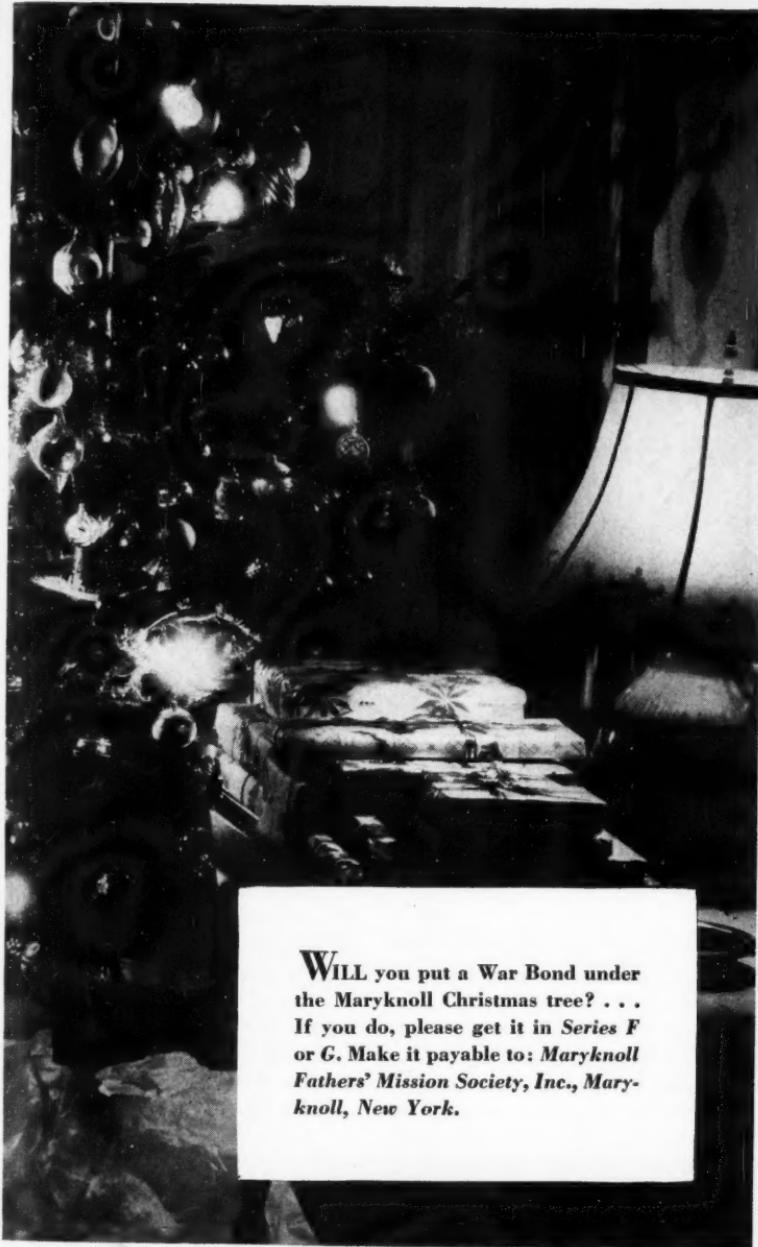
In the far-off capital of Chung-

king, Madame H. H. Kung, the sister of Madame Chiang Kai-shek and the wife of China's Finance Minister, somehow heard of our lepers' plight. Immediately she wrote an appeal to Lei Hon-wan, the Provincial Governor of Kwangtung, asking him to provide from his little store of tax rice whatever the lepers needed. Governor Lei promptly did so, and now our lepers will not starve before the next harvest.

Madame Kung is of the same mind as the English saint who wrote:

*Lepers are the Flowers of Paradise,
Pearls in the coronet of the Eternal
King.*

—Saint Hugh of Lincoln



WILL you put a War Bond under the Maryknoll Christmas tree? . . . If you do, please get it in *Series F* or *G*. Make it payable to: *Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc., Maryknoll, New York.*



Children, eager for friendship and hungry for knowledge, cluster around the Sisters

Internment Camp

Christmas

by SISTER MARY EUCHARISTA COUPE,
of Lonsdale, Rhode Island

“**W**ILL Santa Claus *really* come tomorrow?” queried Deedee dubiously.

It was an anxious moment. Sister Christella and I, the only Maryknoll Sisters still in the Hong Kong Internment Camp, were having our daily class in Chinese with Father Meyer. The Maryknoll priests also had been

liberated, with the exception of Fathers Meyer and Hessler, who had volunteered to remain in the camp. Deedee, a two-year-old American boy, was sitting on Father Meyer's lap.

The lesson had been progressing smoothly, with only a few interludes when we discussed in English the progress of the war, Catholic Action and liturgy, and how to improve our camp johnnycake. Deedee had been considerably more successful than ourselves in imitating Father Meyer's Chinese tones; but with his Christmas query, things came to an abrupt halt.

“What should you like Santa to bring you?” countered Father Meyer cautiously.

Here was the crux of the whole affair. Sister Paul had managed to send in to us a few toys, relics of our kindergarten of before-Pearl-Harbor days; a Maryknoll Father had somewhere resurrected a box of candy and donated it to us. We had no other Christmas gifts to dispense. With bated breath, we awaited Deedee's reply.

That young gentleman reflected briefly, smiled broadly, and ejaculated explosively, “Donald Duck!”

Sister Christella and I exchanged reassuring nods with Father Meyer. Among the toys there was actually an almost-undamaged Donald Duck. Deedee would have his Christmas after all!

In the afternoon we selected toys for the other camp children. Prominent among these small prisoners of war was five-year-old Vera, who seemed to fear neither man nor beast. Where the crowd was thickest, where there was prospect of food, where excitement was highest—there was always Vera.

American Winnie showed by example, word, and a slap or two when necessary, that her country's independence is neither dead nor slumbering. She is Deedee's "big" sister. Three-year-old Leslie, of the round, smiling face, and Danny, of the serious mien, were also remembered in our division of the Christmas spoils.

"Gift boxes"

Then the candy was doled out and inserted with loving care into our fancy "gift boxes," which were tin cans covered with tin foil salvaged from cigarette packages.

The Fathers were hearing confessions in their room, half of which Father Meyer had partitioned off with curtains for a chapel.

We had hung a half curtain across our doorway, to give us at least the *feeling* of privacy. After confession, the children said their penances in the hallway immediately outside our door. They prayed in a crouched position, their heads devoutly turned sideways for a good view of our room!

The Japanese had issued orders that the internees could not take Christmas trees from the hillside,

unless they took roots and all and put the trees back in the same places after Christmas. Some of the boys suddenly became quite deaf on Christmas Eve, and unable to read or understand the directions. So the Maryknoll Sisters had a nice little branch to use for their Christmas tree.

On Christmas Day the camp was in quarantine for diphtheria, and our Masses were held outdoors. It was easier to forget that we were prisoners, out there under the open sky.

Christmas dinner was "extra special." The *pièce de résistance* was a few pieces of pork, wrapped in a cabbage leaf. As "extra" there was a huge slice of fruitcake, for which we had all contributed something from the supplies given us by the Red Cross.

Evening found us in our room, close to our little Crib. The Infant had been cut from a *Sacred Heart Messenger* and mounted on cardboard. Weeds from the hillside served for the Divine Child's straw bed.

There was a knock on the door, and one of our non-Catholic friends entered. "How can I thank you for your Christmas gifts?" she said. "I am so grateful for the bar of soap you put in with the candy."

Tears streamed down the face of this woman, reputed to have been the wealthiest lady in Hong Kong. She moved over to look at our odd little Crib.

"Do you know," she said, "I have never felt so close to the Story of Bethlehem as I do today."

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A year's subscription to THE FIELD AFAR makes an ideal Christmas gift. Please a friend, while helping the missions.



"Lake Titicaca, a sweep of azure beauty like an artist's dream"

All this is Puno

by FRANCIS X. LYONS

THIS is Puno. A tiny town of red adobe houses and galvanized-iron roofs, nestled thirteen thousand feet up in the Andes. It is surrounded on three sides by towering mountains, and on the fourth by Lake Titicaca—a sweep of azure beauty like an artist's dream. This fabled lake of the Incas stretches for a hundred miles to the south, where its waters wash the Bolivian shores.

This is Puno. A hamlet of cobbled streets; of porters squabbling at the fountain; of female Al Smiths, in their brown derbies and voluminous skirts; of policemen in immaculate

uniforms of brown with dark-blue capes, standing guard at the corners of dirty, deserted alleys. A haunt of shadowy, shuffling figures in the half light of early morning, superstitiously muffled to the eyes against the evils of the night air. A background for picturesque Indians, squatting in the sunlight on the Cathedral steps; for blue-smock-clad school girls, smiling shyly; for Franciscans, in their brown woolen robes; for Charity nuns, with all sails set; for Padres with long robes and long beards and fuzzy black Roman hats. This is Puno.

And this, too, is Puno. Little barefoot urchins, scampering through the early morning with tiny baskets of rolls; huge, shaggy mongrel dogs, slinking along the street, or brazenly on the hunt for pigeons; an Indian woman, squatting in the mud to snatch up some half-hidden bauble that catches the glitter of the sunlight; little, ill-clad Indian boys, shooting marbles in the rocky dirt of the square; the smell of onions and gas lamps; the penetrating cold in the shadows; the heavenly warmth of the sun; and the babble of strange tongues. This, all this, is Puno.

Strangers no longer

And into the midst of all these strange sights and sounds and smells, we have come as strangers to a strange land. We must slowly, but surely, be absorbed into this new world, until finally we achieve that paradox of the missionary life—the difficult task of preserving our own identity, while identifying ourselves with the people among whom we labor. This is the task which at present is the center of all our thoughts.

Although the task is great, the priesthood opens to us the hearts of these people. It does away with the barriers which arise from our North American appearance and our Anglicized-Spanish pronunciation. The people do not think of us as Peruvians, but neither do they think of us as North Americans or Europeans. We are priests of the Universal Church, and hence citizens of the world.

We will train our words to the accents of our town; we will assimilate our thoughts to the thoughts of our people; we will build our churches to



Father Lyons is proving that a Philadelphian Maryknoller can become an integral part of Puno, Peru

blend with the color and contour of our landscape; and thus we shall become an integral part of Puno.

For the present, our efforts to mend the old mission edifices appear disastrous. The new mud patches on these old buildings are eyesores. But gradually, as the heat of the sun penetrates the patches, they will harden, and age, and blend—till all shall be one. And so in time we, too, shall no longer be patches on the whole coat which is Puno.

*
"Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace to men of good will."

—St. Luke II:14

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BETHLEHEM, city of bread!
The Bread of Life in thee, this morn,
Is of the Father and of Mary born.
Angels of heaven, your sweet lays upraise;
Sing for the Infant and Ancient of Days.
Here lies no stranger.
The Child in the manger
Smiles as a God.

Prophets rejoice, prophets rejoice!
Your eyes have held for Israel
Him Who for us is Emmanuel.
What is the splendor that shines in the skies?
Earth's newborn Infant shall have Mary's eyes.
Mourning and sin shall cease;
God sends the Prince of Peace—
Jesus is born.

—JAMES M. DROUGHT



Chinese street scene

by GEORGE L. KROCK

FOUR years in China leave me a confirmed "rubberneck." I still find a walk through a Chinese street the best of recreation. An hour's stroll will present sights like the following.

An old, red-cheeked lady sits in the morning sun, frying squares of bean curd in boiling oil. With one hand she fans the coals in the brazier; with the other she wields a pair of chopsticks, turning the sizzling curds until they are evenly browned. Then she pushes them out to drip along the sloping sides of the cooking vessel.

She has many customers, because bean curd is one of the cheapest of foods. But sales do not seem to slow up the old lady very much. Her left hand continues the cooking, while her right hand pockets the customer's money and makes change—all with lightning speed.

But what is the attraction at the next group of gapers? I am wondering, too. Let's hurry over and see!

The meat-ball man

The meat-ball man is a universal favorite—the "rubberneck's" dream. He generally locates at some busy corner, lights the fire in his little stove, and then begins to prepare the meat for cooking. He seems to enjoy his work almost as much as do the onlookers.

Now, the way he manipulates the meat immediately marks him as either a Master Meat Mauler or an incompetent apprentice. The meat-ball man

contrives somehow to bounce the meat, to squeeze it, to fling it high into the air, to pull it like taffy. He does all this for about fifteen minutes, till everybody is satisfied and starts to get hungry. After that he rolls the meat into a long, snaky sort of affair, from which he pinches off sections. He rolls these sections into balls and drops them into the steaming oil.

Just about this time, I notice another crowd gathering down the block, and I have to hurry off, to see what is going on there.

The tiger-balm boys

It is a traveling medicine show. Three young men have spread their mat in the street, and are banging cymbals. When a crowd gathers, two of the boys put on a sleight-of-hand show that is a glorious mixture of pharmacy and fun, while the other one peddles little tin boxes of tiger balm.

This salve is supposed to contain tiger's blood, and is sold as a potent cure-all. It seems to have enough medicine in it to cure headaches and sundry sprains. But the boys have stranger remedies to sell. For sheer inventiveness, for colorful cures, riotous remedies, tortuous treatments, and insipid infusions, the Chinese medicine man takes the lead.

I listen for a while, as they orate on the merits of small bottles of chicken oil, guaranteed to cure centipede bites. But I hear yelling around the corner. Let's go and see what it is!



"The bus appeared quite incapable of carrying us, not to mention our eight hundred pounds of baggage"

This account of a trip from the Hong Kong Internment Camp into Free China is continued from the November issue.

"In journeyings often"

by SISTER MARY CHRISTELLA FUREY,
of Omaha, Nebraska

THE countryside was a thing of beauty, with clumps of feathery bamboo waving greetings to us as we were borne along in our chairs. It was hard to believe that a merciless war was raging, and that a week ago we had still been in the Hong Kong Internment Camp.

As we neared Watlam, the coolie carrying our food supplies came in for a lot of good-natured banter from his fellow burden-bearers. His load was getting lighter each day.

Father Lynch rode out on his bicycle to meet us. When we arrived at the mission, we found Father Hirst in the midst of our baggage, heroically struggling to make order out of chaos. At Watlam we caught up on the war news, heard the priests' mis-

sion assignments, and made great inroads on their food supplies.

Leaving Sisters Eucharista and Henrietta Marie at Watlam, the rest of us continued on in the direction of Kweilin. A private bus had been engaged to carry us as far as Laochow. From there we could travel by train to Kweilin.

Misgivings assailed us at the first sight of the private bus. It appeared quite incapable of carrying us, not to mention our eight hundred pounds of baggage. Quarters were cramped, but we thought we could endure it, for the driver assured us we should arrive in Laochow that same evening.

We bumped along over the road, but not for long. It would seem our bus had a great aversion for hills and

couldn't take them without being coaxed along from the rear. Our steering wheel, too, was not what it should have been, so we took both sides of the road with splendid impartiality. We were making no progress quickly. In desperation we Sisters got out and added our puny strength to the manpower behind.

Rescued by soldiers

To cut a sad story short, we did not arrive that evening, or the next. By the third day of the journey, many of us were of the opinion that Lao-chow was a myth, like the gold at the end of the rainbow. A council was held, and it was decided that Father Downs should go on to Lao-chow by the public conveyance and send a bus from there to our rescue.

Father departed. We got into our own chariot and were borne along a record stretch of the road. Then we came to a sizable hill. The car took one look at it, gasped, and died completely.

As we dejectedly sat by the way-side, a massive truck bore down upon us, with Chinese soldiers gesticulating to attract our attention. It was a

Government truck, and they were anxious to help the American Sisters. The soldiers arranged with a passing truck to contact our derelict bus and rescue our baggage. Over half the army truck was loaded with charcoal. There were still two boards for us to sit on, so the soldiers tugged us in with right good will.

We jogged along—alternating between falling forward into the charcoal, with the soldiers landing on top, or else falling backwards, with the soldiers on the bottom. The unkindest cut of all came when our little bus, which had somehow taken a new lease of life, passed us on the road, its horn defiantly tooting!

Lao-chow at last! The soldiers emphatically refused all remuneration for their great kindness. They said they were glad to be able to do something for Americans.

We boarded the evening train, and morning found us at journey's end in Kweilin. We were caked with the mud of the Lao-chow highway, but that did not lessen the welcome we received. It takes more than a world war and a world of mud to dampen the ardor of the Maryknoll spirit!



MOTHER MARY JOSEPH,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

I enclose herewith \$....., for the support of Maryknoll Sisters—my birthday gift to the Christ Child.

(Print name in full)

No. Street City State

If you wish to repeat your gift, or any part of it each month, and thus become a Sponsor entitled to rich spiritual benefits, kindly check We shall gladly send you further information.

There are now, on three continents and in the islands of the Pacific, 675 Maryknoll Sisters always in search of souls—their gift to the Christ Child.

China—a great open door

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

FRIENDSHIP is one of the five fundamental religious principles of China. Ever since the first American missionaries set foot in China, the bond of friendship between that nation and our own has grown stronger. The missionaries made us friends long before we were Allies.

The friendship which exists between America and China is full of significance. It foreshadows the peace in which the whole world can live. Yet to the minds of many comes the question: "Why should we be interested in China? Why should we think about people on the other side of the globe?"

The answer is simple. This is a one-world era. China was once far distant; but now, with the new world built by the airplane, old-time geography has gone crumbling. China is only two days away from the airport near your home.

Then, too, of real significance is the fact that today we find the people of China on the march, 450,000,000 strong! After remaining aloof through history, this great mass of people have suddenly awakened. As they progress forward into the future, their influence will be felt throughout the world.

The other evening in New York, a group of leaders in American life gathered to hear an address by Dr. Y. C. Yang, President of Soochow University and author of numerous

articles and books on China. They expected to hear Dr. Yang speak of China's war effort, and of the role she is to play in the future politics of the world. Instead, he issued a sharply defined challenge. He declared that because of the basic beliefs of the Chinese people, they are ready for Christianity. It is up to the Western world to supply them with Christianity.

"The most fundamental thing in any nation," declared Dr. Yang in developing this conclusion, "is the basic philosophy of its people. Culture is the epitome of this basic philosophy. The real significance of China to the world is one of culture. China is not interested in world empire, but rather in being a center of culture which can contribute its influence to the world in the form of recognition of virtue, truth, and beauty."

Dr. Yang then discussed the basic beliefs of the Chinese people, which make them what they are today, and which have formed them as fit subjects for Christianity. Dr. Yang pointed out five basic principles to his listeners. On these five principles the whole life of the Chinese nation is conducted.

1. All Chinese believe in God.

Although there is confusion as to the nature of God, the people hold to the fundamental belief that He exists. The great Chinese philoso-



phers, such as Confucius and Lao Tze, recognized His existence, but never entered into any theological discussion regarding His nature.

Since the Chinese people believe in God, they are anxious to know more about Him, and it is the role of the Church to bring them this knowledge. It is no accident that many Chinese leaders have turned to the Christian Faith.

The brother-in-law of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Dr. H. H. Kung (who is a direct descendant of Confucius), recently declared: "In my study of religion, I discovered that God is a loving and kindly Heavenly Father, and, therefore, I embraced Christianity. The Confucianist masses should embrace Christianity, in order to perfect their Confucian principles."

To the Western mind, this may seem a contradiction, but it should be understood that the adoption of Christianity does not mean a denial of Confucianism. The Vatican has officially recognized this fact, and by decree has put an end to long centuries of controversy on this subject. A person can be a Confucianist and a Catholic, in the same manner that he can be a Scotist and a Catholic, or a Thomist and a Catholic. Confucianism is a philosophy, not a religion.

2. Human nature in its origin is good. Because all men come from God, they have the possibility of doing good. When we give assent to this belief, we mean that if individuals can be morally good, then society can be morally good. There

is room in both the individual and in society for improvement.

According to this belief, Dr. Yang pointed out, all men can be saints. If all men can be saints, then society can be saintly; hence we arrive at the Kingdom of God. The doctrine of original sin and the consequent need of supernatural grace rectify and complete this conception.

3. The world is a moral order.

This is another basic belief of China. There is an old Chinese proverb: *"Those who go with Heaven will prosper; those who go against Heaven will perish."* In

Chinese there is a God called Heaven, or Supreme Ruler. The Chinese believe that ultimately reason, justice, and righteousness will conquer.

It is largely because of this belief that the Chinese have been able to wage seven years of a costly and continuous war, which at times, to the outside world, has seemed almost hopeless.

4. Vision of unity of world and unity of man. The Chinese call their nation the Middle Kingdom. They see the whole world united, with their own nation as the center. Their concept of life has never been nationalistic; morality is not frozen at a national boundary. As a result of this belief, the Chinese are naturally disposed to accept the Catholic doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

5. Spiritual values are of a greater excellence and permanence than material values. The Chinese are taught this belief from infancy. They are told to look upon



honor, glory, and wealth as fleeting clouds. Good conduct and good actions are the virtues to be cultivated. The writings of Confucius are concerned with this subject.

These, then, are the five basic beliefs of China. They mold the personality and the culture of China.

"From the Chinese philosophy of life," declared Dr. Yang, "it is not a far step to the Christian conception of the Kingdom of God." By their very beliefs, the Chinese become natural partners in promoting the Christian basis of world order.

This is the challenge that faces the missionaries of today. The Chinese people, by their beliefs, have a religion that is as near to Christianity as any natural religion can come. The people must be shown this. They must

be invited to become partners with Catholic people over the globe in helping to build a new and better world. Needed for this vital task are thousands of missionaries.

The Church has an opportunity today in China that it never had before. The war charities of the Catholic missions have impressed and attracted the people. Once they come in close contact with the missions, it is not long before the Chinese realize that Christianity is the perfection toward which their own beliefs strain. Needed, however, to make them Catholics are multitudes of men and women who will bridge the remaining gap and instruct them. Are we to lose this opportunity?

Catholic America must give the answer.

From a Desert Training Center

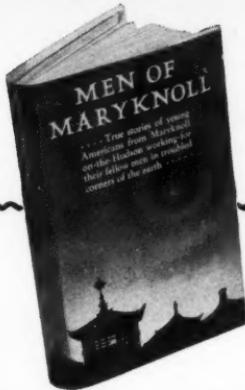
WITH the United States service men, there are a score of Maryknoll chaplains. Some have gone with their men to far-flung fighting fronts; others are in training cen-

ters. Chaplain Thomas F. Nolan, whose home is in the Bronx, New York, wrote recently to a fellow Maryknoller:

"A week ago this whole section of the California desert set records for high temperatures. It is reported that a thermometer here in camp registered 141° Fahrenheit, and that was under the shade of a tent! Yes— it was warm that day.

"The spiritual side of Army life has many consolations. Opportunities for rounding up stray sheep are plentiful, though there is often more to be done than just putting them on our shoulders and carrying them home. However, once we get one of these stragglers back into the fold, we feel that it is worth infinitely more than all the effort expended."





Men of Maryknoll

Some hundreds of typical American young men have gone overseas as rank-and-file Maryknoll missionaries, out to win the world for Christ. Father Keller and Meyer Berger have selected a sampling of careers and give us an excitement-packed account of their experiences. Scribners asked for the book—insisted that the American public wants it—and is publishing it with enthusiasm. Reactions to the first chapter printed in the July "Reader's Digest" point the best-seller finger at

MEN OF MARYKNOLL. \$2.00

May be obtained at Maryknoll or at any bookstore.

Other Maryknoll Books

ALL THE DAY LONG

Biography of Maryknoll's cofounder, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, by Daniel Sargent. Cloth, \$2.50.

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The only book in English which gives a world view of Catholic missions. By John J. Considine. Cloth, \$2.50; paper, \$1.50.

MARCH INTO TOMORROW

Story of the pioneer Maryknoll missionaries in the Orient, by John J. Considine. \$2.

PATTERN FOR TOMORROW

A rural story full of human interest and Catholic social teaching. \$2. Teacher's work book, \$1.

WHEN THE SORGHUM WAS HIGH

A very human and attractive biography of Father Gerard Donovan, slain by bandits in Manchukuo. By John J. Considine, M.M. Cloth, \$2; paper, \$1.

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

Personal letters of Maryknoll missionaries. One volume published every six months. Volumes for 1942-1943 now ready. 50c each.

FATHER McSHANE OF MARYKNOLL

The life story of an American missionary priest by Bishop James E. Walsh. All the dreams and fancies of Catholic boyhood, all the difficulty and satisfaction of learning Chinese ways and language, all that goes into the making of a selfless, apostolic soul, are here told in a style that is a joy to read. \$1.

Address the Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P. O., New York



In bidding Godspeed to our latest group of missioners, the Society's Superior General said: "It does not seem strange to Maryknollers to go a far distance in order to bring the love of Christ to waiting souls"

Twenty-five years after

THE departure bell at Maryknoll rings more often, as Latin America beckons. For the third time this year, Our Lady of Maryknoll has smiled on apostles departing for the mission fields. There were nine priests in the last roll call; and of these, six were destined for Latin America.

In December of 1942, plans were completed for the assignment of one hundred priests to Latin America within the ensuing twelve months. By September of 1943, the figure had reached ninety-three. Although the proposed plans were almost "on schedule," the figure was far short of what it would have been, had war conditions permitted the earlier return of the missioners who remained interned in Japanese-controlled countries.

Among the nine departants, five are veterans from Maryknoll's Korean mission field: Rev. Hugh L. Craig, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; Rev. Donald V. Chisholm, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; Rev. Cyril J. Kramer, of Youngstown, Ohio; Rev. Stanislaus T. Ziembra, of Buffalo, New York; and Rev. Gervis J. Coxen, of New York City.

Two of the group—Rev. Thomas A. Sampson, of Fort Lee, New Jersey, and Rev. James J. Morgan, of Philadelphia—have been occupied for the past several years with special work in the United States.

The remaining two—Rev. Francis J. Murphy, of Waterbury, Connecticut, and Rev. Norbert M. Verhagen, of Freedom, Wisconsin—are newcomers to Maryknoll, having joined the Society from their respective

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dioceses shortly over a year ago.

In the words of Maryknoll's Superior General, Bishop James E. Walsh, the principal address of the ceremony was pronounced by "Bishop O'Shea . . . one of the very first Maryknoll vocations, who is singularly qualified by his character and his career to interpret the spirit and to speak the words of Maryknoll; an apostolic Bishop consecrated by the hands of our beloved Holy Father himself, and matured by his experience in the guidance of a particularly fruitful Maryknoll field, our very promising and consoling Mission in Korea."

Bishop O'Shea recalled Maryknoll's first departure ceremony, a quarter of a century ago, in September, 1918. On that day Father Price, the cofounder of the Society, and three newly ordained priests set out for South China.

"Twenty-five years ago these departants went into a world of which we had no previous experience. European missionaries were already tried and tested in the field, but the world considered America too comfortable loving to produce the stuff of which missionaries are made.

"Father Price was, within a year, to die in China. He was for Maryknoll the precious seed which, dying, brought forth much fruit. Fathers James E. Walsh, Francis X. Ford, and Bernard F. Meyer were to become for us the norm of what American Catholic missionaries should be.

"Twenty-five years have passed, and those who wondered about

American Catholic missionaries have had it proved to them that their priests and Brothers and Sisters could meet the test and become successful missionaries of Jesus Christ. Maryknollers have met the test successfully, not alone by dying in fields afar, but by living in dirt and squalor and through all the hardships found in mission lands.

"Some of us have been exiled temporarily from our mission fields in Japanese-controlled territory, but God has opened to us new doors in Latin America. More than half of these apostles leaving the Knoll today were formerly missionaries in Korea.

"When the war is over, Maryknollers will return to Korea. In twenty years the section of the Korean peninsula under our care has yielded a harvest of twenty-nine thousand Catholics. We have been able to ordain native priests and to form a Korean Sisterhood. They are carrying on the mission work during our enforced exile.

Looking forward

"Maryknoll has today many seminarians, but God will not be outdone in generosity. We look forward to a future when there will be thousands of American apostles in fields afar, and the Church in America will take its rightful place in the mission world."

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

(St. Luke XII: 31)

A stringless shoe can halt your walk; but
a stringless gift makes Maryknoll go.



Maryknoll students point to South China, where they hope to go in a few years

There is yet time

by JAMES G. KELLER

BEFORE Madame Chiang Kai-shek left our country to return to China, she sent the following message to the Catholics of the United States:

"The sympathy and practical assistance given so generously by the American Catholics to your fine missionaries who are succoring my people in war-torn China are deeply appreciated. All of us who have come into contact with your missionaries are impressed with their selfless devotion to the alleviation of human suffering and the elevation of man's spiritual potentialities."

If, in the tragedy of war, the few

thousand missionaries laboring among China's four hundred millions have had such far-reaching influence, what tremendous results will be possible if their number is doubled or tripled as soon as routes of travel to China are again opened!

The opportunity for mission work in China after the war will probably be greater than it has been in all history. Whether we take advantage of it or not, is another question.

This opportunity constitutes a compelling invitation to the youth of America. The countries of Europe, which have for generations supplied most of the missionaries for China,

have lost so many of their young men in the devastation of war that they cannot hope to send more priests to the missions for many years to come.

Bishop Paul Yu Pin, of Nanking, China, speaking in New York not long ago, emphasized over and over again that American Catholics must act quickly and generously, "if they do not wish to be left behind or to lose a great opportunity."

If the number of missionaries is strongly increased, he believes that the Church will be "able to help with, if not to lead, China's postwar reconstruction in all fields of activity, particularly in the moral and spiritual spheres." His great plea, therefore, is that "we begin immediately to prepare a competent personnel to undertake the important task of postwar rehabilitation."

One of Maryknoll's pioneer missionaries says of the country to which he gave his life: "China is at the parting of the ways, and must soon choose its road to destiny. There is yet time. The Church still has a great open door in China, but we must work fast. The day is coming when the door will be shut."

* * *

Have you ever thought of yourself as an American ambassador of Christ to China? You have the answer. Please let us hear from you, if you are interested in being an apostle in fields afar.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Please send me information about becoming a Maryknoll missioner.

My name.....

My address.....

Three Minute Meditation

"How shall they believe Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?"—Romans X:14

The Samaritan woman with whom Our Lord once talked by Jacob's well in Sichar was ignorant and sinful, but the desire for truth was in her heart. Our Lord drew her first by His charity. Then He opened her eyes gradually to the eternal light, up to that breathtaking moment when He said to her, "I am He (the Christ), Who am speaking with thee."

Immediately this woman of the generous heart became an apostle. Leaving her waterpot, she ran to the city, telling all she met of the Christ.

The story of the woman by Jacob's well shows us that extraordinary talents are not requisites of the apostolate. The one thing necessary is a burning love of Christ, which inflames our hearts with the desire to make Him known to others.

Whether or not I have this love, and whether or not, like the Samaritan woman, I have the courage to follow the greatest of all human vocations, is a secret known only to God and to my own soul.



Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

Where Our Lady is a General

by HENRY A. DIRCKX

OUR SCHOOL at Molina, near Talca, is situated in the fruit belt of Chile's great central valley. At Santiago we visited Don Pedro Correa, who had the school built for the Bishop of Talca. The school is a memorial to one of the donor's sons; hence its name of *Colegio Gonzalo Correa*.

Don Pedro is a fine old gentleman, nearly eighty years of age. He has been in poor health for sometime, and has prayed that God might let him live until the Fathers from the United States arrived. He was visibly affected as he greeted us.

The school is on the Correa *fundo* (farm) in Molina. It contains living quarters for the Fathers. The institution is for boys and has two divisions—grammar and high. I teach English in several classes. This is not a difficult task, since all the boys are eager to learn the language. The chapel serves the people of the neighborhood, as well as the students.

The Correa *fundo* is extensive. It includes factories where apples and prunes are packed, and a winery. The *fundo* employs about one hundred and fifty workers: blacksmiths, wagon-makers, machinists, and carpenters, as well as fruit pickers.

The Fathers in Molina are responsible for the mission of San Rafael, about forty miles to the south. Formerly Mass was said in this mission only once a month, but we will go there every Sunday.

It was my privilege to say the first Maryknoll Mass in San Rafael, and it

was then that I met Esteban Garcia. He came to me in the sacristy, telling me how glad he was that San Rafael was to have Mass every week, and asking us to call on him for any help he might be able to give.

Esteban was dressed in black. He wore tight-fitting trousers, high-heeled shoes, and a fine *manta* (heavy blanket coat) reaching to his knees. He carried a black, wide-brimmed sombrero. His appearance, manners, and speech had typical Spanish elegance. Yet Esteban does not belong to the so-called "upper class" in these parts.

Patron of Chile

"When the month of May comes, perhaps you will help us to plan some extra celebrations in honor of Our Lady," I suggested to the young man.

He looked puzzled—then flashed his courteous smile. "The Padre has forgotten that in Chile spring does not come in May," he said. "Here the month of Our Lady is from November eighth to December eighth.

"Does the Padre know that the Blessed Mother is the patron of Chile and of the Chilean Army?" he continued.

I shook my head, asking for further enlightenment.

"In 1814, when the countries of South America were seeking their independence," explained Esteban, "three great liberators—Bernardo O'Higgins, San Martin, and Mendoza—joined forces in Chile. They commended the cause of Chilean in-

dependence to the Blessed Virgin, and erected a chapel in her honor. A decisive victory was won over the Spaniards. After the victory, O'Higgins placed his marshal's baton in the hands of Our Lady's statue and appointed her perpetual *Generala* of the Chilean Army."

"Is this event commemorated in Chile?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," he answered proudly. "Every year the anniversary is celebrated. A great procession is

held. The Chilean Army participates, and presents arms when the statue of Our Lady is carried out of and into the church."

"By what titles is Our Lady most often invoked in Chile?" I inquired.

"We call her most often *La Santísima Virgen*," said the young man. He paused; then added with dignified simplicity, "Not so long ago I called her by the name the Chilean children love best, *Mamita Virgen*, 'Dear little Virgin Mother.' "

"How does a United States Padre look?" Chilean youngsters get a close-up of their newly arrived pastors



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

China fights for her children's future—but victory will be useless if the Chinese war-orphaned children die of hunger. Help Maryknoll keep thousands of them alive. \$5 feeds a child a whole month!

Indian children in Bolivia have asked a Maryknoll missioner to buy them a Christmas Crib for their church. He lacks the \$25.

In the dawn's early light, the long line of the hungry forms outside the mission door in China. The refugees trust Maryknoll, and they know our God is good. Each has a rice bowl. They stand with heartbreaking patience, while the sun mounts higher, beats upon them, and moves down the sky. The tide of the desperate still rolls by in the twilight's last gleaming! For only \$5, we can feed a hundred of them! Give now, before it is too late!

Yes, we do cable money regularly to Free China, to support the Maryknoll missioners, their refugees, and their missions.

They let in sunshine and keep out the cold winds from the great mountains. That is why glass windows are needed for the church at Cavinas, Bolivia. Each window costs \$12. Who will give one?

Invest in America. Buy War Stamps and Bonds. Purchase *Bond Series F* or *G*, in the name of: *Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.*

Invest in heaven. Send your War Stamps and Bonds as stringless gifts to Maryknoll.

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost. For want of a shoe—" and so on, until we are told how the horse, the rider, his message, the battle, and the kingdom were all lost—for want of a nail! Consider, then, how important \$25 must be to Monsignor Romaniello of Kweilin, China. He needs the sum to buy a whole keg of nails!

Catechetical illustrations help to convey meanings to the young and to Indians unable to read. Many sets are needed in Bolivia. The cost is \$6.50 a set. We ask help in getting them.

A job wanted by a leper! Would you employ him? Of course not; neither would any other healthy person. That is why lepers must beg help. The sum of 10¢ a day pays for their food, and 10¢ more pays for medicine to cure them. Who will give 20¢ a day?

Picks and shovels are used in educating missionary priests. The Maryknoll Seminary needs 25 of each, costing \$85 altogether; for every seminarian does manual labor as a part of his training.

Could you learn more readily from a Chinese, or from a fellow American? Probably from your own countryman. It works the same in Asia. That is why we are so anxious to train native priests for China. Education for a Chinese seminarian, all through the years to ordination, costs \$1,500. We need many Chinese seminarians!

The missioner must be doctor for himself and his charges in many parts of Latin America, for often he is the only person of education in a hundred miles. But even a doctor cannot cure without medicine. A tropical medical kit costs \$35. We are asked to secure one for a Central American mission.

"All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother," wrote a friend who erected a chapel to her mother's memory. Memorial chapels in Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, Peru, and Central America are awaiting donors. \$500 each.

A church without pews is possible, but hardly comfortable or attractive. Pews for the new church at Calacala, Bolivia, will cost \$25 each. Who will provide them?



Liturgical Art Sales Co.

Your birthday gift to the Christ Child this year could be an offering for His poor. What you give to them, you give to Him

SPECIAL ITEMIZED NEEDS

BOLIVIA

Cochabamba:

Chapel	\$500
Altar	\$250

La Paz:

Church and rectory furnishings	\$1,000
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Riberalta:

Two organs (each)	\$500
Rectory.....	\$500

CHILE

Talca:

Altar candles (year's supply)	\$200
Chapel repairs	\$150

Chillan:

Two saddle horses (each)	\$100
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Temuco:

Mass wine and hosts (year's supply)	\$30
Three saddle horses (each)	\$100

ECUADOR

Guayaquil:

Incense and charcoal (year's supply)	\$25
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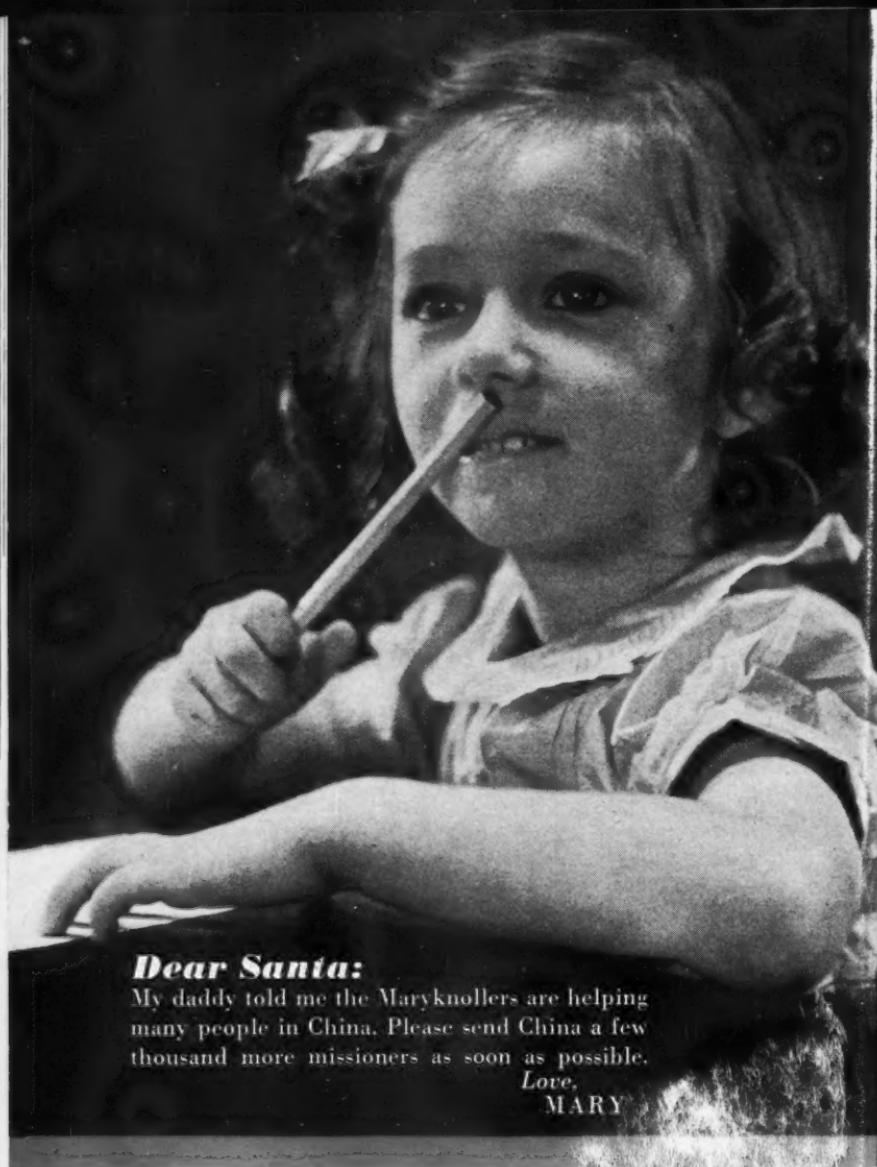
PERU

Lima:

Sets of vestments (each)	\$25
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Puno:

Church repairs	\$300
Stations of the Cross	\$75



Dear Santa:

My daddy told me the Maryknollers are helping
many people in China. Please send China a few
thousand more missionaries as soon as possible.

Love,
MARY

